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# Briscoe Briefs

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BRISCOE BRIEFS

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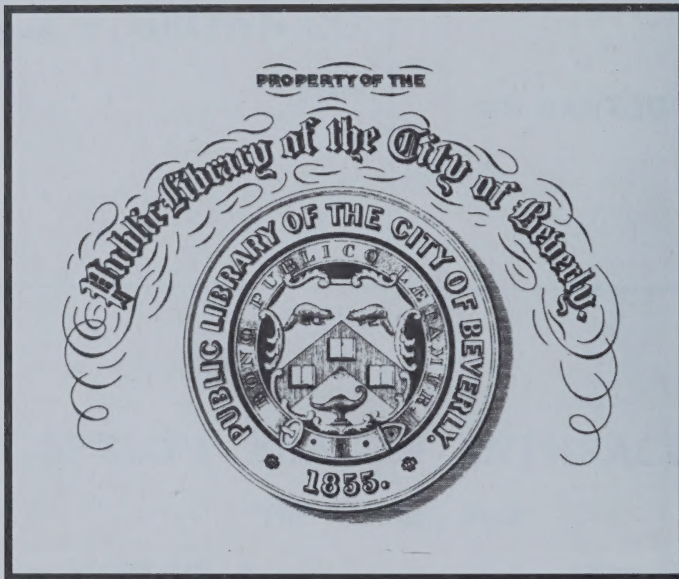
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# BRISCOE BRIEFS



A school paper issued by the students of the Briscoe School  
Beverly, Massachusetts

Vol. VIII, No. 1

December, 1933

Price 15 cents



MEMBER OF THE COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION

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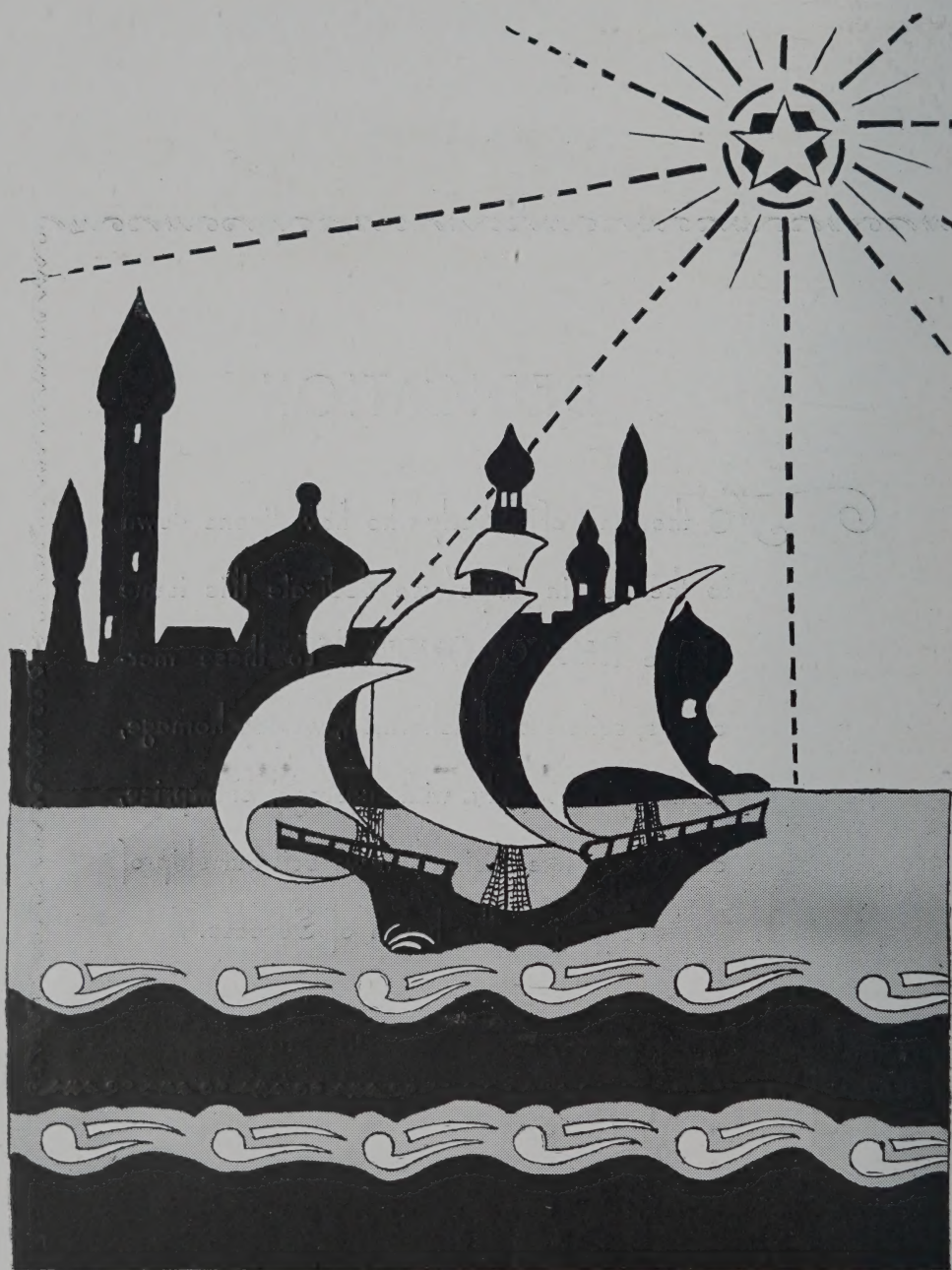
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## DEDICATION

To the men of Beverly who have "gone down to the sea in ships" we dedicate this issue of the BRISCOE BRIEFS. To these merchants, sailors and fishermen, we pay homage, realizing that only with courage, enterprise, and vision like theirs can we sail our ship of Life into the haven of Success.





Katherine Powers

**MERRY CHRISTMAS**



### ON THE HIGH SEAS

WITH banners flying high, and with its shrill whistle reminding the passengers of the motto, "Play the Game Fair," the good ship Briscoe set sail through the Sea of Hope on September 6, 1933. The ship is well manned; Captain Cronin is in command, aided by his crew of able teachers. The old passengers of Grade Eight and Grade Nine welcome those of Grade Seven who are embarking for the first time and hope their voyage may be successful.

In spite of unusually fine weather, many forgetful passengers have experienced rough sailing, but if they catch the proper spirit, the surface will again be smooth. The captain has few worries regarding the welfare of his ship. He feels that if all are loyal to her ideals of honesty, fair play, and loyalty, he will be able to guide his ship safely into port.

—WHITNEY PERKINS, *Grade 8.*

\* \* \* \* \*

### SPIRIT AIDS SPIRIT

A DEVOTED sister to the Spirit of Briscoe is the Spirit of Christmas. Each year hand and hand through the month of December they hover o'er our ship creating friendliness and good cheer among the passengers. Once more as Christmas approaches, passengers and crew feel the strong influence of this Christmas Spirit. Christmas carols float on the air; everywhere beautiful cantatas, or other forms of entertainment, are being planned to commemorate the birth of our Saviour.

Here lies our opportunity to banish selfish and unkind thoughts, and by nobler deeds and words, endeavor to spread good cheer and happiness all about us.

Let us resolve, that the true Christmas Spirit be found in more homes this year than ever before.

—RHODA MURRAY, *Grade 8.*



### APPRECIATION

SINCE the June issue of our school magazine, Miss Gertrude Lyons was transferred to the Beverly High School faculty.

We miss Miss Lyons as she helped to keep alive the Spirit of Briscoe with her untiring energy and jovial disposition.

For the faculty and pupils, I extend to Miss Lyons the season's greetings and best wishes for success in her new position at the Beverly High School.

—JAMES A. CRONIN, *Principal*.

### THE NEW BYRD EXPEDITION

A SCIENTIFIC expedition, the second of its kind, under the leadership of Rear-Admiral Richard E. Byrd, has started for the Antarctic regions. Byrd is famous for his daring explorations of both polar regions. Among the equipment of the expedition is a Curtis-Condor airplane which he expects to land on the pole.

Scientists say that conditions down there are about the same as they were around the North Pole, thousands of years ago, when the great glacier covered that area. If this is true, the scientists may gather some interesting data.

We hope that these brave men make a successful conquest of the frozen Antarctic regions, the land of ice barriers and strange sights.

Success to the second Byrd Antarctic Polar Expedition!

—CLIFFORD DENNIS, *Grade 8*.

\* \* \* \* \*

### CENTURY OF PROGRESS

TODAY we live in a world of science. Think of our forefathers who told time by the sun, who spun their own linen, who grew their own vegetables, and who made their own bread. To call the attention of the world's citizens that we live in a century of progress, a World's Fair was established in Chicago, Illinois. A more interesting place could not be found. All modern equipments were exhibited there. People came from all over the world to appreciate inventions, marvel at the Hall of Science, and enjoy the beauty of the grounds in the evening, when illuminated with colored lights. The World's Fair, which will continue next year, will make many people appreciate, even more, the modern inventions, which help them to go through life more easily.

—RUTH MAY, *Grade 8*.





### There Is A Santa Claus

THE good ship *Patience* ploughed her way through the rough waters, not far from southwestern France. The *Patience* was a one hundred-foot fishing schooner, old, scarred, and weatherbeaten. Leaning over the battered old deck-rail was a figure, intently watching the dark, white-capped billows rise and fall. With the exception of her long, dark curls, which fell upon her shoulders, one would never suspect that she was a girl. She wore dirty, patched, blue denim trousers, turned up at the cuffs, and a loud, plaid, jersey shirt. Her sleeves were rolled above her elbows and the neck was wide open.

"Rosie, hey Rosie, coom here just a minute! Noow thar's a good gal," came from a man standing in the cabin doorway. Rose jumped up.

"Aye, aye, sir!" she called, laughing, and strode down the deck to where the man, Captain McLane stood. The captain was a tall, dark, bearded man, whose clothes were identical with Rosie's.

"What is it ye're a wantin' faather?" Rose McLane questioned.

"Coom along in here, I've soom important things to be a-tellin' ye, lass."

"Yessir," Rose answered, as she ushered herself into his cabin and settled down on the old stool, which the Captain claimed was "old as the hills." The air was foul within the cabin. The smell of tobacco, smoke, and salt water was distinct. Captain McLane sat down in the chair behind the old desk.

"Lis'n here, noow, Rosie, I've not ben treatin' ye right. Ye should be havin' a

hoom—a hoom that didn't always be rollin' aroun' on the sea. An' ye should haave decent clothes to wear—new—not like dos' uns," the captain said, indicating her shabby clothes with his big, rough hand.

"But faather, this here's me hoom an' these here's me clothes, an' that's all I'll aft to be wantin'," exclaimed Rose. Captain McLane's head was low.

"Rosie," he said, "I reckon ye know what day tomorrow is?"

"An' what day is tomorrow but Monday?" asked Rose.

"Rosie," his voice lowered, "tomorrow is Christmas."

"Christmas?—Oh, yes."

"An' ye'll be wantin' presents."

"Nonsense, faather, ye know I naver ast for a present in me life."

"I know," he answered, "but ye should be haavin' presents like every other little girl."

Rose McLane laughed, "But Santa can't be comin' to us on a ship, faather, he wouldn't be aft to knowin' we was here." She hesitated, and then added, "An besides there ain't no Santa Claus." Captain McLane changed the subject quickly. A bright twinkle of resolution was in his eyes.

"Ye can be skippin' on out now if ye're a wantin' to, lassie." His mouth closed with a loud click, and he buried himself in a pile of papers. Rose left the cabin.

Dawn crept over the southern waters where the ship *Patience*, was anchored. Rose sat up in her bunk with a start. Someone had licked her face! She rubbed her



eyes and pinched herself, but she was not dreaming. Sitting erect on her pillow was a little black and white English Setter, with the dearest expression on his face. Rosie's Christmas present! She threw her arms around him and smothered him with kisses. "Ye're the best Christmas present thar aver was," she laughed. She sobered down at once, and staring at the blank wall, added, "I was mistaken. There is a Santa Claus after all."

A happy smile appeared on her face as the dog contentedly licked her hand.

—CAROLYN CHIPMAN, *Grade 8.*

### A Christmas Thought

THE beautiful story of the life of Christ proves its elegance and truth through the sincerity of our people, who have passed it down through the years. We have six days to turn the story of Christ's life over in our minds before the New Year comes around. Let us profit by His excellent example and start the New Year with a pure heart and a clear conscience, that will last through the twelve happy months.

—RHODA MURRAY, *Grade 8.*

### Christmas In England

ON Christmas Eve, in England, all the little girls and boys hang their stockings on the mantel, over the fireplace. Like the children of America they are up very early in the morning to see what Santa Claus has left for them.

The day is spent very quietly, dinner being the great event. This feast is never complete without the huge plum pudding, covered with flaming brandy sauce.

The Christmas tree is a small fir tree and is purchased, intact with roots, so that it may be planted in a tub or some convenient box where after Christmas it is often placed in the garden. These trees are imported from Germany. Many of the presents are tied on the tree or lie beneath it. The day after Christmas is also a holiday.

Throughout the Christmas week, the children gather in groups, and sing Christmas carols at the door of the wealthy people, who very often invite them into the house and give them Christmas goodies and money. Thus in Merry England is the Spirit of Christmas kept by one and all.

—MADELINE LYNCH, *Grade 8.*

### Christmas

CHRISTMAS, the most joyous day of the year, again sends cheerful tidings o'er all the land. Churches are decorated with holly and evergreen; candles send their friendly glow to the passerby; and stories are told of the Christ Child who brought "peace on earth, good will to men." Not only does Christmas remind us of our greatest Teacher, but welcome Yuletide brings cheer to the sorrowful people, in all corners of the earth.

Men become conscious of the sufferings and want of their neighbors; the fortunate man remembers his less fortunate friend; and the Christmas Spirit finds its way into the hearts of men.

—PHYLLIS GARDNER, *Grade 8.*

### A Christmas Candle

THE Christmas carol used to be sung in England five hundred years ago, but only by the plain folk of the countryside. The music or words were never recorded. The voices of one generation passed them on to the next. The first attempt to preserve these rustic melodies was made by Mr. Cecil Sharp who went into the rural parts of England and wrote down the words and music, as the people sang them to him. To "carol" in those days was to express joy and happiness, the people often dancing in a ring, while singing. The "waits" were musicians who performed in the streets of the English village. In this way Christmas Eve was celebrated long ago.

Now at Christmas time in our own country, we often hear the melodies of these modern "waits" as they respond to the invitation of the lighted candle.

—JEAN MERRIAM.





### Tommy Candle's Christmas

ON a busy evening a week before Christmas, a bright green candle stood, straight and tall, in the window of one of the most exclusive jewelry stores in Boston. In front of young Mr. Thomas Candle was a shining window, through which crowds of people glanced as they pushed hurriedly on their way. Opposite him, his twin brother, Bob, stood, just to the rear of a dainty wrist watch.

For an hour, perhaps, the throngs of shoppers held the attention of the candle; but he soon became weary and longed to be replaced in his long, white box made soft with crinkly, white, tissue paper. In a few hours, which seemed like endless years, the lights in the window were switched off. This was a pleasant change, at least, from the hot colored lights which had made tall Tommy Candle feel all soft and twisty.

It was not long, however, before he became lonesome. The display window in which he stood was long and dark. He

could not converse with his brother, because Bob was too far away. So Tommy Candle did a very silly thing. He began to wish. First, he wished that he were standing solemnly on the counter with all his aunts and uncles. Then he wished, fervently, that the shop owner would take him home, to shine brightly on his Christmas dinner table. While he was planning what he would do on this joyful occasion, fatigue overcame him and he dropped off to sleep.

All night the stars had twinkled, and now a large, cold, yellow sun appeared overhead. As the sun climbed higher in the sky, it shone directly on Tommy Candle—long enough to have covered him with freckles, had he been a real boy. Every day for a week, the same thing occurred, and at the end of that time you can imagine poor Tommy Candle's disappointment. His fairy godmother had failed him, and again he was placed in his box—not to go home with the shop owner—but to sleep until St. Patrick's Day, when he would again serve as a decoration.

—RHODA MURRAY, *Grade 8.*

### A Friend In Need

IT was a bitter defeat. When I reached home, I did not want to talk to anyone, all I wished was my own little room. Some days it seemed poor and cheap, but today it was just great. Often I came here to concentrate, think, play, or read aloud, but today I wanted to think,—think of "Big Red Haired Bully," who had smashed through my end for a touchdown—the one and only touchdown of the game—but soon the bumps, bruises, and weariness of the game took effect, and I fell asleep happy in my own little room.

—ROGER COLETTI, *Grade 7.*

### Time Goes By

SOMEWHERE, out in that cold, misty night a church bell rang once—twice. Two o'clock! Suddenly, I was wide awake. What had happened? Something must be wrong. I pushed away my bed clothes and stared out the window. It was foggy, wet, and dreary outside. No moon, no star shone through the dark sky that blanketed the gray earth. Subconsciously, I realized what had startled me. Frantically, I pierced the gloom between me and my friend. I could neither see nor hear him. Blindly, I rushed across the room to his side. The very touch paralyzed me with fear! It was impossible! It could not be! Yet there was his silent form. I listened, but could detect no sound. I placed my hand on his breast; there was no movement. A cry of grief broke forth from my lips. No more to be awakened by the sound of his voice; no more to hear the music of his song. Only then was the actual realization of the awful tragedy clear to me. It was true — my old alarm clock had stopped.

—DONALD HILLIER, *Grade 8.*

### Little Pigs On Parade

BELIEVING that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," I decided to peek through a toy catalogue before beginning my English assignment. As I lazily turned the pages, who should pop up before me but those popular characters, the Three Little Pigs? Was I pleased? Not two days before, Miss Whorff had asked me to get an interview with these famous little people. The mason, with a very important air, acted as spokesman.

"Where were you three born?" was my first inquiry.

"Well," said the mason in his stage voice, "I was born in the Peabody Piggery in

Massachusetts, along-with Fiddle, but Flute came from Rochester, New York."

"Then you must know Dr. Bradley? Warren, his son, goes to my school."

"O yes! Warren's father was friendly with my master. Warren often came to see us. I wonder if he still says, 'Was I mortified?'"

"How did you meet Walt Disney?" I anxiously queried.

"We were traveling to the Kansas City stockyards and our train stopped at Topeka. A Pullman pulled in alongside, with Walt Disney on board. The next thing we knew we were in a special Pullman bound for Hollywood. Mr. Disney took us to his home and we walked on beautifully carpeted floors, until we were ushered into three large, airy rooms, which overlooked a garden filled with turnips and carrots. We were very happy there.

Well-known tailors designed our suits, great musicians taught us to play our instruments, and we were ready for the moving pictures. From this time on, we were so famous that it became necessary to hire men to take care of our fan mail. People were very kind to us. At one time, Joe E. Brown sent us a bunch of bananas, and Laurel and Hardy mixed a special corn mush for us."

"How many people have you met in Hollywood?" I asked.

"Oh, I have met Minnie and Mickey Mouse, Horace Horsecollars, and Felix, the Cat. They are lovely people—I wish you could meet them sometime."

Then the old familiar call resounded through the house, "Ted, come and do your homework!"

Unwillingly, I bade my friends farewell and started my English assignment.

—TED PARKHURST, *Grade 8.*



### My French Queen

MOTHER had put Jane away in a trunk in the attic. Today I was lonely, for I had just come home from boarding school, and it seemed as if I had no friend left nearer than Clara, two hundred miles away. So I went upstairs and looked at things I loved when a little child. And there was Jane! Her beautiful golden hair uncurled, after these many long years, and her clear, pink and white, waxen face now cracked from rough usage. She was adorned in her once magnificent, pink, taf-feta dress, now rather tattered and soiled by little sticky fingers; yet she looked so sweet to me that I picked her up and hugged her. My heart seemed to lighten and I felt sure I had found a long lost friend. I went to sleep that night with a contented look upon my face and sitting at the foot of my bed, was my French queen, Jane.

JUNE ROGERS, *Grade 7.*

### A Century of Progress

I WENT to the world's fair, but I didn't see it. I don't believe anybody did or could. What I learned came to me through no conscious effort, no detailed study, but rather by a process of absorption.

To me it is a hodge-podge of recollections, a gigantic whirligig of science, of magic, of history, and in spots, of arresting beauty. I am appalled, dizzied, by the magnitude of it all. I see a machine with electric eyes, electric fingers, explained by an electric voice, and I am impressed by the knowledge of the inventor. But I move on and see things equally amazing, and out of it all comes the thought that it is better to know the most about the least, than to know the least, about the most, for what man can know it all?

—WARREN BRADLEY, *Grade 8.*

### Colonial Trade

FISHING was early the key industry in Beverly, as in many towns of seaboard Massachusetts. Although planted as an agricultural colony, the settlers were compelled to turn to fishing, both for a food supply and a source of income. Women and the younger boys tended the farms, while the fathers and older sons were away on voyages.

For these voyages, stout vessels were constructed — schooners, sloops, and small ketches—lateen-rigged—such as were built at the foot of old Dock Lane. Thus fishing gave rise to another key industry, ship-building. To preserve the fish, salt was needed, and when the salt works at Salter's Point, Ryal Side, proved unprofitable, Beverly sent cargoes of "dun" fish—the best grade—to Europe, to be exchanged for salt, fruit, and wines. A poorer grade of fish was shipped South on coasting vessels. Hence, both coastwise and overseas trade developed through fishing, the industry which may well be considered the foundation of the early prosperity of Massachusetts.

—GILBERT W. FESSENDEN, *Grade 8.*

### The Town Awakes

THE clatter of the milk carts on the cobblestones was all that could be heard on this clear, cold morning. Far off in the distance one could hear the farm trucks coming into town. As the church clock struck seven, a few early birds slammed their front doors and went off to work. Again, as it struck seven-thirty, the women folk of the town called to their neighbors that they thought it wouldn't rain after all. Last but not least, the children shouted goodbye to their mothers as they ran off to school. The town was awake.

—CAROLYN MERRIAM, *Grade 8.*

### Maynard versus Suffield

AT the first crack of the pistol, four boys leaped from the starting line with cannon ball swiftness and sped down the track for the glory of their school. The race was on!

For the past ten years the two rival schools, Suffield and Maynard, had held annual track meets at the respective academies.

This year, Suffield was reported to have an exceptionally fine runner, and the loyal enthusiasts of that school shouted themselves hoarse, as this hero kept two yards ahead of the other undiscouraged contestants.

The first lap was one mile, and when Arthur Hart of Maynard and Charles Bennet of Suffield, rounded the curve at the same time, shouts issued from the bleachers.

Already the other runners had begun to slacken their pace. The race, now, was really between Bennet and Hart.

Down the home stretch! Hart pulled up a yard in front of his rival and almost immediately afterwards Bennet pulled up beside him. They did this several times and they were soon within twenty yards of their goal. Both sprinted, but Bennet got a little bit ahead. Pandemonium broke loose in the Suffield stands. They were going to win. The loyal Maynard rooters looked very disconsolate. Suddenly, with new zeal, realizing his schoolmates still stood behind him, Hart forged ahead. Now he was beside Bennet — now a little ahead.

The hoarse decision of the umpire could hardly be heard — shouts of victory came from the Maynard students, Hart broke the tape not more than two inches ahead of Bennet. Arthur Hart had saved the day! His loyalty to the school had urged him ahead. Suffield was defeated and the hero

was borne away on the shoulders of his friends.

—CAROLYN MERRIAM, *Grade 8.*

### New England For Me

THE much disputed "line" storm occurred during a previous weekend, and caused many unpleasant hours of dreariness and confinement. Nevertheless, we in New England have much, for which to be thankful.

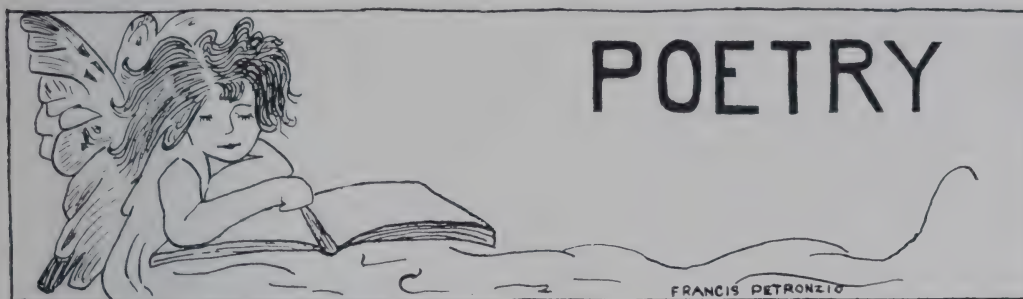
As one enters any of the various railroad terminals, his eyes meet with bold posters, and alluring advertisements, advising us to go south, or west, or north. This may appeal to those who believe that "the grass is always greener in the other fellow's yard," but let us consider how fortunate we are to be in New England.

We have here four wonderful seasons and each provides us with its respective sports, which have become so essential to build strong, healthy bodies. Looking to other sections of America, we find the north is much too cold; the west has its droughts, hurricanes, earthquakes, and whatnots; the south, its havoc raising storms, all of which take their toll in death and suffering.

No other place offers such fertile land, rugged mountains, and deep woods enchanted with beautiful lakes. Its clean, sandy beaches and attractive pleasure resorts attract many summer visitors. The rock-bound coast from here to Maine is described by poets, painted by artists, and world travellers laud it as the most picturesque scenery in the world. We in New England are contented; therefore, we turn a deaf ear to attractions which might be offered from other sections of the country.

—PHYLLIS LINDGREN, *Grade 8.*





### Christmas On Board

- C** is for the captain strong  
Who's known by one and all,  
Captain Cronin is the name.  
We answer when he calls.
- H** is for the help we get  
From teachers we have here,  
They're so kind in every class,  
All problems are made clear.
- R** is for Miss Robbins gay  
A member of our crew;  
Just remark about her "pets"  
And she'll be cross with you.
- I** is for intelligence  
The engine of our ship,  
If we haven't this on hand  
We'll have a stormy trip.
- S** is for our safety first,  
The lifeguards we all know;  
Safety Council's on the job  
They watch where e're you go.
- T** is for hard traveling,  
Upon the stormy sea,  
Shirk your duty if you will  
And help you're sure to need.
- M** is for Miss Mullin kind,  
Our orchestra she leads,  
Lack of music on our ship  
Would make it dull indeed.
- A** is our adviser true,  
Miss Anderson, of course,  
She is the first mate on board,  
Without her we'd be lost.
- S** the Christmas Spirit gay  
Which hovers o'er our ship,  
'Round the season we all love  
December twenty-fifth.

—RUTH MAY, *Grade 8.*

### Christmas Tide

The joyous bells of Christmas ring,  
And children, Christmas carols sing,  
Their voices in the crisp, clear air,  
From door to door, glad tidings bear!  
From windows, gleams the candle light,  
The snow falls softly through the night;  
The world is filled with Christmas cheer,  
The happiest time of all the year.

—RUTH LINDLEY, *Grade 8.*

### Little Red Stocking

Oh, little red stocking tucked in the drawer,  
Tell me a story—a wee bit more  
Of the days when grandmother did as we  
do,  
And hung her stockings up by the chimney,  
too.

Of how she would jump from her warm  
little bed,  
And scamper to you to see what she had,  
How she'd look around and say with a  
smile,  
"Guess Santa Claus surely stopped here  
awhile."

Although that was many long years ago,  
Time is as nothing, for I just know  
That "Santa" will come with reindeer and  
sled,  
And fill you to the top, "little stocking red."

—JUNE ROGERS, *Grade 8.*

### A "Shot" Poem

From the pocket of the boy,  
Came an evil looking toy —  
A sling shot.

A pebble whistled through the air,  
And brought poor Tommy to despair —  
A poor shot.

It hit the window! What a pass!  
Everywhere fell splintered glass —  
A crack shot.

An angry man rushed through the door,  
The evil toy was seen no more —  
His last shot.

— VIRGINIA LOVETT, *Grade 8.*

### The Cross

Oh, cross upon the steeple top,  
Standing there so lone and still,  
How can you stay up there so high?  
Tell us your story if you will.

"Right here for many years I've stood  
Just where I stand today,  
So long that mem'ries come to me  
In a misty, hazy way.

When first I stood away up here  
On this great steeple top,  
I thought so many, many times,  
Perhaps some day I'd drop.

A new thought came to me one day,  
As here I stood in fright;  
Up here on top of God's great church  
I stand always for Right.

This thought gave me new courage;  
And all fears waylaid;  
Now down through all the ages  
My work will be mere play."

— WILLIAM MATTHEWS, 7-V.

### Briscoe Briefs

Briscoe has a magazine,  
Of which she's very proud;  
For two years now it's won a prize  
Its praises are sung loud.

Watch those busy editors  
They work with all their zest,  
They hope to make this next number  
One of the very best.

Every one should do his part,  
Write stories, poems galore,  
For we want Briscoe Briefs this year  
E'en better than before.

— BARBARA STOTT, *Grade 8.*

### The Editor's Lament

Please student poet have a heart,  
Nor fail to reckon well, the part  
The student editor must play  
To send this booklet on its way.

Don't misplace punctuation marks;  
Don't think that yellow rhymes with larks;  
Don't misspell words with poets' ease,  
Just be a little careful, please!

Remember I'm just one of you,  
This job is hard enough to do,  
'Thout sitting up the live-long night,  
To make the "darn" things come out right.

— WARREN BRADLEY, *Grade 8.*

### The Pilgrims

The Pilgrims came across the sea,  
And never thought of you and me;  
And yet it's very strange the way  
We think of them Thanksgiving Day.

We tell their story old and true,  
Of how they sailed across the blue,  
They found a new land, and became  
free

To build a town for you and me.

— BEATRICE GLIHOUSE, *Grade 8.*



### The Train

Have you seen it roaring through small,  
country towns,  
Its firebox gleaming,  
No one knows where it's bound.  
It sweeps over hills,  
And it speeds down the dales,  
Other vehicles, compared, have the speed  
of snails.

Have you ever thought as you boarded a  
train,  
Of the man at the throttle, engineer by  
name?  
To you he's a common, everyday man;  
Little do you realize your life's in his  
hands!  
One little slip and you'd be no more,  
But the world would go on just as before.

In all kinds of weather—extreme heat or  
cold,  
He's ever faithful to the post he holds.

—CHARLES REYNOLDS, *Grade 9-2*.

### If The Spooks Don't Take Me. Tanite

When its awful dark at night,  
An' the stars are strangely bright,  
An' the wind goes a howlin' all aroun',  
I snuggle in my bed,  
Pull the civer o'er my head  
An' think of naughty things that I've done:  
"With our comp'ny I played pranks,  
Called the ladies "darned ole' cranks,"  
An' made faces at their backs;  
While on teacher's chair I put some sharp  
ole' carpet tacks.  
Oh my, I am so sca'd (cause the spooks  
take naughty boys)  
Bet ma won't tell me twice again, to pick  
up all my toys;  
When its dark at night I'll be so awful  
good,  
I'll do every thing I should,  
If the spooks don't take me 'tanite.'"

—CAROLYN CHIPMAN, *Grade, 8*.

### False Spring

How oft ere winter well sets in,  
I've wished it could again be spring;  
The woods, as tho' my wish they knew,  
Take on Spring's apparition too,  
The way the sun glints on the ground,  
The way the birds chirp all around,  
The way the brook laughs at my feet,  
The wind that carries scents so sweet,  
A fleeting warm impression brings,  
Of the early, lovely days in Spring.

—FLORENCE THOMPSON, *Grade 8*.

### Wind and Sea

Oh, how I would like to be  
Out with the wind upon the sea,  
Up in my boat I would stand,  
Trying to sight some piece of land.  
A storm would come and the waves dash  
high,  
A streak of lightning cross the sky,  
Out in a boat upon the sea,  
Alone with just the wind and sea.

—LILLIAN SHAW, *Grade 8*.

### A Scout

A scout is always truthful  
And never tells a lie;  
He is brave and always faithful,  
And is not afraid to try.

A scout is always cheerful,  
And smiles whene'er he can;  
He is always most respectful,  
To every fellow-man.

—PHILIP HARDING, *Grade 8*.

# - - SCIENCE - -

## Carbon Dioxide

ONE of the most commonly known gases is carbon dioxide or  $\text{CO}_2$ . There is .04% of it in the air. All flames give it off. The "fizz" in our ginger ale is really this substance. We most frequently associate it with our health, as we exhale this carbon dioxide, and we should take care not to let too much of this gas accumulate in any room where we are. The plants absorb it through their leaves. They use it in making food. They separate the carbon from the oxygen by a wonderful process, use the carbon for food making, and then give off the oxygen. It is gaseous matter and expands in the air.

In our science class, our lesson was to make this carbon dioxide gas. First, some sodium bicarbonate, or as we know it, baking soda, was put into a glass beaker. Then vinegar was poured into the same container, and the mixture was stirred well. It foamed up and we learned that each of the bubbles contained carbon dioxide gas. The gas was then poured into another beaker in which was a lighted candle. We were careful not to let the carbon dioxide touch the flame. Before the beaker was one-quarter full the candle went out. This proved that carbon dioxide does not support a flame.

— VIRGINIA LOVETT, *Grade 8.*

## The Monarch Butterfly

HOW many times during the summer have you stopped to admire the exquisite coloring and the great size of the Monarch butterfly?

The monarch begins life in the egg stage. These eggs are laid by the butterfly on the tender milkweed shoots, or on the underside of a milkweed leaf. In four days, the egg turns into a hungry, ugly, little, black caterpillar with green and yellow stripes. He stuffs himself with milkweed leaves until he splits his skin and gets a new one. This process is repeated three times until he is full grown. Now, he spins a Nile green chrysalis with gold flecks on it. In two weeks, he emerges as an enormous orange butterfly. His wings, outlined in black, have tiny black veins running through them. In the late summer, the monarchs congregate and migrate south. They fly in flocks so great that many of them bump together and rub the scales off their wings. They can fly no farther, so they drop to the earth and die. They have been known to reach as far as the Cape Verde Islands or Australia. They stay in southern climates until the warm spring weather comes, when they come back to dot once more our New England landscape.

— ROBERT RUSSELL, *Grade 8.*





# SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

THEODORE DAY

## Ship Briscoe

Log of Ship *Briscoe* sailing from Port Vacation to the Harbor of Success via Sea of Hope.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1933.

Today all hands mustered on board the good Ship *Briscoe* with Captain Cronin in command. We set sail for a voyage through the waters of the Sea of Hope. At the out-start, the sea is calm, the weather fine, the passengers appear very co-operative and everything points to a pleasant voyage.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1933.

The first official meeting of the captain's crew today at 3:30 in Stateroom 15. Much important business was discussed.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1933.

The first week ends. Missing from the old crew are Miss Lyons, Miss Murray, and Miss Hazelton. In their places are Miss Mullin, Miss Bradstreet, Miss Rolfe, and Miss Kendall. We shall know them better soon.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1933.

Since Miss Murray's duties have called her to High School, Miss Alta Jane Whorff will become faculty adviser of the Briscoe Briefs.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1933.

Would you like to become an editor of our ship's magazine? The try-out contest is on. Write an editorial on one of the following subjects and submit it to your English teacher:

Byrd's New Expedition.

Athletics and School.

The World's Fair.

The N. R. A. and School.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1933.

Columbus returns! Briscoe's first bi-weekly assembly given by the pupils of

Stateroom 26 portrayed the courage and faith of the discoverer of America. The assembly was in charge of Miss Alice Hatch, teacher of English. The program was announced by Phyllis Gardner. The following pupils took part: Ursula Hallbauer, Jerry Dinardo, Evelyn Forrant, Roland Gagnon, Emma Duerden, Dorothy Friburg, Robert Flint, Joseph Furnari, Norma Harvey, and Bernice Friedman.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1933.

Fire Drills! Passengers don life preservers. The entire ship was vacated in one minute, forty seconds. This record was most satisfactory to John Cressey, chief of the Beverly Fire Department, who was present.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1933.

Tomorrow is Election Day. Select the candidate best suited to represent you on the Advisory Council. The gymnasium and cafeteria will become the polls for the voting. Help the officers by calling your name distinctly.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1933.

The following passengers were elected to the Ship's Advisory Council:

*Grade Seven:* Mabel Christopher, Emily Wright, John Shea, Helen Janotta, Robert Leblanc, Marion Dumez, Kenneth Field, Betty Pedrick, Joseph Quinn, Hazel Cullen, Barbara Currier, and Thomas Brotchie.

*Grade Eight:* Irene Ramsdell, John McAuley, Judith Williams, Donald Richardson, Jean Knowles, Addison Schade, Evelyn Forrant, Robert Fitzgibbon, Virginia Lovett, Robert Kilham, Edwin Jones, Eda Cristofori, George Chansky, Rhoda Murray, William McMahon, Lucille Belanger, Richard Buckley, Rita Arsenault, and William Frost.

*Grade Nine:* Arthur Brownlow, Vernon Campbell, Harry McCausland, Frederick Sillars.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1933.

Have you brought your money for the Junior Red Cross? Remember your two cents put with the others may buy some poor family a Christmas dinner!

A meeting of the crew was called today to elect the officers of the Advisory Council. The result was as follows:

*President*, William McMahon.

*Vice President*, Virginia Lovett.

*Secretary*, Betty Pedrick.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1933.

How serious everyone looked this morning! No wonder! The new Advisory Council was inaugurated, and Captain Cronin's helpers assumed their duties on board today. The assembly was in charge of Miss Helen Anderson, teacher of Science.

In a short playlet, entitled "The Spirit of Briscoe," Honor, Service, and Fair Play were called forth to show Grade Seven how to become good sailors. Surely no one on board from either class will have "sea legs" after this lesson.

The members of the cast were:

Rhoda Murray, Norma Waldron, Nancy Stickney, Gloria Van Dine, Phyllis Gardner, Mavis Morrill, Florence Thompson, Mary Quill, Joseph Quinn, Jean Knowles, Edward Parkhurst, Dorothy Friburg, Marjorie Broome, Nora Buffet, Marjorie Jordan, James Boswell, Robert Kilham, William Welch, Frederick Browning, Ernest Gillis, William McMahon, Samuel Toll.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1933.

"There's music in the air." We are very proud of our ship's orchestra which is under the combined direction of Mr. Claude H. Phillips and Miss Elizabeth Mullin. Can't you play a musical instrument?

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1933.

This morning, Captain and Mrs. Stanley Osborne came on board to invite us to visit Australia. Mrs. Osborne showed us some splendid pictures while the captain described for us the wonders of his country. We learned a great deal from the lecture and hope that our ship may dock at Sydney soon.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1933.

All assembled this morning to hear more about clubs. The representatives made each club sound so alluring that we felt an urge to join several. The following representatives spoke: Addison Schade, Ruth May, Warren Bradley, Whitney Perkins, Emma Duerden, Robert Kilham, Frances Tosi, Henry Theriault, Frank Clark, Paul Barter, David Woodbury, Miss Spofford, Miss Mullin, and Mr. Dutelle.

The Boys' Soprano club entertained us with two selections—"Ave Maria" and "Largo" with Robert Kilham doing the solo parts.

The announcer was William McMahon.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1933.

Ship *Briscoe* is now being used by the evening school from two bells to eight bells.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1933.

"It must be Elmer." A play entitled "Elmer" was presented today by a number of the ship's company. It was announced by Florence Thompson, who introduced the cast made up of the following passengers: "Elmer," Irvin Gordon; Susie, Dorothy Howard; Jeanie and Janie, Carmen Quint and Barbara Stott; Mrs. Collier, Evelyn Coult; Fanny Belle, Dorothy McDonough; Pansy, Elmer's dog, Rambler Thompson; Miss Penny, Nora Buffet; Stage Manager, Paul Barter.

The play was under the combined direction of Miss Barker and Miss Baxter. It was a decided success as it kept the audience in a gale of laughter.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1933.

The quarter draws to an end and all passengers are agog to learn who has made the Ship's Honor Roll.

To receive Major Honors, one must have earned an "A" in at least two of the Major subjects. No work below a "B" in any subject and satisfactory citizenship marks.

The major subjects are mathematics, English, geography, and history.

To receive Honorable Mention, one must have earned an "A" in one major subject,



no mark below "B," and satisfactory citizenship marks.

When the Honor Roll is announced, will your name be there?

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1933.

In observance of Armistic Day, the pupils of Stateroom 28 brought back to us memories of war times. When Burpie Casey sang, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," we all felt an urge to join in the chorus. The following pupils took leading parts: Mary Jane LeBel, Rita Arsenault, Andrew Jackman, Alerson Gallagher, Burpie Casey.

The assembly was in charge of Miss Spofford, teacher of mathematics. It was announced by Alice Jackson.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1933.

Last night was Parents' Night on board. The sailors went about their daily tasks except for a few changes. After completing their duties they stood at attention while the visitors were entertained with a special program. William McMahon acted as master of ceremonies. The ship's orchestra rendered several selections and a cornet solo was played by Solomon Wise, accompanied by Rhoda Murray at the piano. Another feature of the program was the boy's Soprano Club. The play "Elmer" was repeated by the same cast to an appreciative audience.

There were seven hundred fifty-seven parents present.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1933.

The ship's Honor Roll!

The following people obtained Major Honors:

*Grade Eight:* Evelyn Forrant, William McMahon, Rhoda Murray, Eleanor Scheft, Barbara Stott, David Woodbury, Shirley Smith, Richard Buckley, Virginia Lovett, Whitney Perkins.

*Grade Seven:* Jeanette Bagnell, Edgar Eldridge, Joseph Quinn, June Rogers, Barbara Cole, and William Wiseman.

Honorable Mention, *Grade Eight:* Marjorie Broome, Jean Merriam, Carolyn Merriam, Richard Roundy, Robert Russell, Malcolm Dodge, Phyllis Lindgren, Ruth MacDonald, Dorothy McDonough, and Nancy Stickney.

*Grade Seven:* Shirley Anderson, Helen

Benson, Mary Burke, Audrey Foster, Elizabeth Gillis, Charles Gordon, Betty Pedrick, Patricia Preston, Thomas Brothie, Jeanette Ducharme.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1933.

The winners of the Spelling Contests held in the many staterooms on Parents' Night were summoned to the hall this morning. A second contest was held and Shirley Smith was pronounced the champion speller of Grade Eight.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1933.

Today all of our company assembled on deck to hear an appeal for co-operation on the part of our school paper. The speeches were entirely impromptu and were given by the following editors: Whitney Perkins, Ted Parkhurst, Addison Schade, Warren Bradley, David Woodbury, and George Hamm.

Now, will everyone write an article for the *Briscoe Briefs*?

At the end of this program the seventh grade spelling contest was held to determine the champion speller of Grade Seven.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1933.

Today I observed that club life at Briscoe is under way. Extra-curricula activities in the form of clubs have been organized. The presidents were elected as follows: Debating Club, Warren Bradley; Dramatic Club, Addison Schade; Home Economics Club, Esther Barss; Glee Club, Irvin Gordon; Safety Council, Philip Massarella; Math Club, Edward Parkhurst; Arts and Crafts Guild, Frank Clark; Science Club, Robert Fitzgibbon; Poetry Club, Philip Beaulieu; Woodcraft Club, Harold Fish; Stagecraft Club, Paul Barter; Stamp and Travel Club, Donald Richardson. We also have a Boys' Soprano Club, but no president has been elected.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1933.

The Thanksgiving assembly this morning was in charge of Miss Harrison and Miss Coleman, and announced by Ruth Lindley. Governor Ely's Thanksgiving Proclamation was read by Maurice Fladger. Other characters in this assembly were as follows: Gilbert Fessenden, Betty Pedrick, George Chansky, Solomon Wise, assisted by Rhoda

Murray, John Boniface, Henry Parisella, Robert Stuart, Richard Coult, Irving Chiplovitz, John Remon, and Roland Dube.

At the close of the program, "Here's to Beverly" was sung by the entire audience.

Don't forget the annual Salem-Beverly game tomorrow. "Here's to Beverly!"

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1933.

"Let 'em eat cake." Tomorrow is the date of Briscoe's first cake sale. The money received will be used to defray the expense of printing *Briscoe Briefs*. Nancy Stickney is general chairman of the committee.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1933.

The pupils of Stateroom 20 showed what an important part the month of December has played in literature, music, science, history, and religion. The following pupils took the leading parts: Mary Montone, Margaret Monforte, Dominica Monforte, Edna Wilmot, Irene Ramsdell, Eva Scoglio, Flora Ricci, Lena Tropeano, Robert Wood, Isadore Persutti, and Earle Pendleton.

At the end of the program all pupils born in December were asked to stand. They were reminded of the notable events of their birth month. Wilbur Legro announced the program.

This assembly was in charge of Miss Mary Shatswell, teacher of Social Science.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1933.

The committee did an exceedingly fine job of making the cake sale a success and the editors of the *Briscoe Briefs* are extremely grateful to them for their wonderful co-operation. The cake sale has netted fifty-two dollars and ninety cents.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1933.

The highest grade of citizenship attainment is announced as follows: Citizenship—Percentage of passengers having no "U's": *First Honors*, Stateroom 30; *Second Honors*, Stateroom 202.

Scholarship—Percentage of passengers on Honor Roll: *First Honors*, Stateroom 30; *Second Honors*, Stateroom 23.

Attendance—Best record since Septem-

ber: *First Honors*, Stateroom 23; *Second Honors*, Stateroom 32.

Punctuality—No tardy marks: Staterooms 22, 24, 30, 203.

Thrift—Best percentage: Staterooms 30, 23.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1933.

Congratulations to Katherine Powers Shirley Smith, and Frederick Browning on their splendid art contributions to our school magazine.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1933.

Many passengers have responded to the call of the American Legion for posters. While on shore leave, visit Mr. Doble's store and see posters from the following people exhibited there: Alfio Correlli, Michael Armento, Gordon Hurder, Ralph Walker, Frederick Browning, Esther Burke, Frank Turner, Virginia Mitchell, Louis Huntress, Katherine Powers, Henry Viel, Dorothy MacDonough, and Gloria Van Dine.

The posters were prepared under the direction of Miss Fleet of the *Briscoe* crew.

Dorothy McDonough, of Grade Eight received first prize; Frank Turner of Grade Nine, second; Esther Burke of Grade Seven, third.

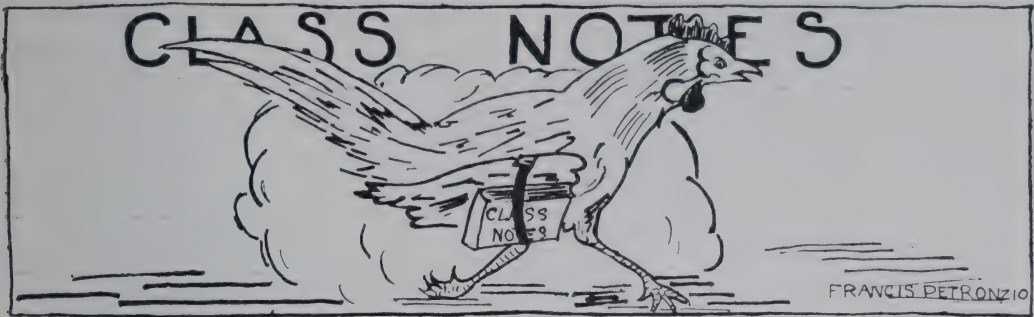
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1933.

"All ashore that's going ashore!" This afternoon we leave Ship *Briscoe* for our eight-day Christmas shore leave. In order to give us a happy send off, Miss Bradstreet and Miss Eaton prepared a play entitled "Why the Chimes Rang." Much credit is due the following cast: Robert Kilham, John Boniface, Burpie Casey, Nancy Stickney, Rocco Mascetti, Armand Carusi, Edward Parkhurst, Sarah Marling, David Woodbury, Jean Knowles, Gilbert Fessenden, and Barbara Bowman, and also the singers in the cathedral. Mr. Waite and his Stagecraft club had charge of the scenery for this assembly. The stage effect was unusually fine.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1933.

*Ship Ahoy! Merry Christmas to All!*





### Christmas Work

THE pupils in Miss Fleet's art class are making several articles for Christmas gifts, among them being letter holders, book ends, silhouettes, and tapestries.

The tapestry work is the most interesting of them all. On a piece of heavy linen crash we draw a picture which we color with crayons. Most of the boys prefer ships, knights, and castles, while the girls are choosing animals and birds for their designs. After the coloring is done, we shall hem the edges. Finally, the back of each tapestry is wiped with a damp cloth to preserve the colors.

All these things are being made at a very low cost.

—KENNETH FIELD, 7-C.

### Geography

MISS BARKER has been most successful in making our geography lessons on the British Isles interesting to us.

After studying these islands, we made maps of them, some of salt and flour, and others outline maps done in water colors. Extra credit was given for maps made outside of class. Robert Mason, Karl Bresnahan, and Harold Coult's brought in some very fine ones.

The period we liked best was the one in which we went to the lecture hall and saw lantern slides of London. We were especially interested in Big Ben and the squares, or circuses, as the English call them.

Now, we are enjoying the book called "The Irish Twins," a story of a brother and sister and their experiences in the Emerald Isle.

—HELEN JANOTTA, 7-B.

### Book Week

BOOK WEEK was Fun Week in Miss Hatch's English class, for during that time the pupils of 7 HA described book characters for the rest of the class to guess.

There were Little Orphan Annie, Alice in Wonderland, Mickey Mouse, Tarzan, Old Scrooge, Robin Hood, Heidi, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Huckleberry Finn, and last but not least, Mark Twain's immortal Tom Sawyer. Oh, what fun it was telling of the different adventures of all these children of book land! Can't you just imagine the exciting and energetic response of the pupils to the descriptions of these interesting book people? Altogether, we immensely enjoyed our trip through the fantastic Land of Books.

—PHILIP GUEST, 7-HA.

### English

IN English we do very interesting things which help us to remember what Miss Harrison teaches us.

There are two exercises which are somewhat similar. Each row is given a letter and the children name a common noun and a proper noun beginning with the letter.

In the other exercise each row is given a subject for a sentence. The children then give a sentence using this subject and naming the verb.

We also have short plays with as much action as possible. The idea is to have the pupils give a variety of good seventh grade sentences telling what the play is about. Two or three children act out these plays, which are original.

—EDGAR ELDRIDGE, 7-V.

### A Geography Exhibit

7-F contributed many articles made in England to a geography exhibition in Miss Rolfe's room.

Coins were brought in by Eleanor Marshall and Elmer Hatch. Dishes were loaned by Barbara Scott and Marguerite Titcomb; Peter Christopher exhibited pen points; Barbara Mealey, a lovely scarf; and Faith Preston, travel booklets.

This display helped us to understand better how many things England manufactured.

— FAITH PRESTON, 7-F.

### Mathematics

MATHEMATICS may be a dry subject at times, but when it comes to learning all about angles in Miss Mullin's class, it's lots of fun.

When we look back to the times when George Washington was a surveyor, we often wonder how he managed to survey those isolated places. He, too, had to learn about angles and angle sum rules. He might have thought it very hard as modern boys do.

Our daily tests also give us a great deal of pleasure, for we have interesting new methods of doing them. We all try to obtain a high percentage and gain a good reputation as a mathematics class.

— ROBERT DENIS, 7-M.

### Business Practice

THE careful study of business habits, ledgers, journals, and other cash records has been a part of 8-T.E.'s work for the first quarter of the year.

As Miss Baxter, our teacher, explains to us, a ledger is an account showing how much we owe others and others owe us. A journal is one form of a cash record, which shows an accurate account of all money received and paid out.

To keep in mind these important business points, we are making notebooks, enclosing examples of these problems. Miscellaneous business words with their definitions are also kept in our note books.

At the end of this year we all hope to have mastered our business problems.

— NANCY STICKNEY, 8-TE.

### A Debate

RESOLVED: "That Japan has the right to take land in Manchuria," was the subject used for debate by six members of 8-N.T.W. in Miss Barker's geography class recently.

ONE of the points brought out by the negative speakers was that if Japan did force China to give her land and thus start a war, other overcrowded nations would join and the result would be a World War. Another good point brought out by this side was that there were many uninhabited islands in the Atlantic and Pacific where Japan could send her people. Therefore, she does not need to take land by force.

The affirmative side fired back that "all men are free and equal," and, under the moral law, man has a right to live anywhere in the habitable world, so why couldn't China give Japan some of her vast unpopulated area? The Japanese may migrate but not carry their government with them, and especially in the United States they would lower our standard of living.

With so many good points by each side, it was hard to decide which had the advantage. The final decision was in favor of the negative.

— CAROLYN MERRIAM, 8-NTW.

### Clothing and Foods

MANY brilliant colors are passing through the hands of the eighth grade shop girls as we fashion our pretty blouses and dresses. The hum of the sewing machine may be heard any Monday morning.

We are also learning many interesting things in the study of textiles. It is quite fascinating to examine a piece of cloth and trace its history back to the fiber from which it is made. Just now we are studying the cotton fiber.

We wish to thank our efficient instructor, Miss Pullen, for her patience and helpfulness.

In spite of many burned fingers, we are still eager to learn to cook. We have made a special study of breakfast foods, including cereals, rolls, muffins, and popovers.

We have a sympathetic friend in the cooking room who shows justice to all and treats us like younger sisters. This friend is Miss Ackerman, who has won all our hearts.

— RITA A. ARSENAULT, 8-S-1.



### Typewriting

THE period before typewriting seems extra long to THa, although it is no longer than the others. As soon as we do get to Room 300, however, folders are speedily taken from the file drawer, typewriters are hastily uncovered, and soon everything is ready.

The first fifteen or twenty minutes are devoted to drills and sometimes to reviewing parts of the machines. During these drills, the sound of a ruler is not very uncommon, as Miss Baxter, our typewriting teacher, usually beats time for us.

After the drills are completed, our marks are recorded, and the rest of the period is given to individual work, where everyone may progress as fast as he possibly can.

— LOUIS CORTUCCI, 8THA.

### History

AT the beginning of the year, N.T.H. studied the history of Beverly. Katherine Powers drew an outline map of Old Beverly, which was hung up on the wall in Miss Lapham's room. The streets at that time were Cabot and Hale, so these were on the map. All the boys and girls in N.T.H. tried drawing the Balch House, the old City Hall, and pictures of men working in their fields and women at their spinning wheels. From these we chose the best and pasted them on the map. Pictures of some of the first settlers of Beverly were also added. Olivia Churchill made the best picture on the map, that of the "Covered Wagon," which visited Beverly in the early days. We were sorry that the size of the map did not permit the use of all the pictures submitted.

KATHERINE POWERS, 8-NTH.

### Shop Work

ONE division of S-2 boys has studied wood work with Mr. Dutelle. The course requires that every boy do ten exercises on the lathe. Besides learning wood turning, the boys have made taborets, book troughs, and book ends. They have also learned to use the circular saw, the electric saw, the electric drill, and the electric grindstone.

— NOEL TREMBLAY, S-2.

### An Instructive Entertainment

8-T.M. was recently entertained by the demonstration of a steam engine by Roland Cook in Miss Lapham's history class.

The engine was about twelve inches high with a boiler, water gauge, throttle, fly wheel, and whistle.

It took two minutes to heat the water. Gradually the speed increased as the steam pressure rose. By shutting down or opening the throttle, the engine went at any speed desired. By releasing another valve, a whistle gave a sharp blast.

This presentation was a help to us in our study of the beginning of the development of the factory system.

CLARENCE MARTIN, 8-TM.

### Science

OUR work in Science this fall has covered many fascinating subjects, such as bacteria, mold, the life of the butterfly and spider, and a study of the stars.

In October every member of the class made a seed chart showing various kinds of seeds native to Beverly.

Under Miss Anderson's direction we conducted an experiment which showed that some gases can be seen in three forms: solid, liquid, and gaseous. This was demonstrated on Parents' Night by Thomas Hoy.

One of the best posters was made by Frank Clark to illustrate the life of the Monarch butterfly.

— SHIRLEY SMITH, 8-NTE.

### Art

8 N.T.M. has decided that art is a very interesting study. We are making central balance designs of Christmas trees. These designs are constructed in the shape of a triangle.

Recently, Miss Kendall, our art teacher, has talked to us about making four new problems. Among these problems are water color pictures, pen sketches, silhouettes, linoleum blocks, Christmas cards, vanity boxes, and constructional objects, such as cigarette, match, and vanity boxes, scrap baskets, letter boxes, and handkerchief holders. They will all make attractive Christmas gifts for our parents.

MERRILL CHUTE, 8 NTH.

### Penmanship

MISS Adams and Miss Baxter, our supervisors and our teachers of penmanship, are very proud of 8 T. H. because we are the first class in Beverly to obtain a 100% penmanship honor roll. To get on the honor roll, we must have 90% or 95% and a letter "P", which stands for good position, on the papers written during Miss Adam's lesson.

We are now working to win our letters which are as follows: S—spelling; A—arithmetic; E—English; W—Writing (four 90 or 95 papers); C—Capitals and small letters.

We get these letters by doing good penmanship work in the above subjects.

Are you surprised to know that this is a girls' class?

DOROTHY HOWARD, 8-TH.

### S-1 Shop

ON Tuesday morning at the end of the second period, the boys in S-1 troop merrily down to Mr. Waite's shop. Out come the various jobs: bell wiring, splicing, meter reading, and soldering wire. The boys settle down to work and are soon very busy. Mr. Waite helps here and there as he is needed. The boys take turns in the tool room, distributing the tools and material, and whoever is on duty there stays the entire two periods. They find it a fair and effective schedule.

On Thursday morning, the same group of boys are learning wood turning with Mr. Dutelle. This group has also repaired art tables.

—EARLE PENDLETON, S-1.

### Printing

DURING the first quarter, one division of 9-3 studied printing with Mr. Waite. The first lessons in this subject are as follows:

First, Mr. Waite gives us the lesson sheet for copying. We set the type in job sticks which can be adjusted to different measures. Next, we place the form in the galley, which is a kind of metal tray with one end open. A string is tied around the form to hold the small pieces of type in place. The form is then placed in the proof press and inked with the brayer. A piece of paper is placed on the form, and a proof

is taken by rolling a heavy roller over it. Corrections are made on the proof, then the form is corrected and locked up for the press.

After the job is made ready for the press, many copies or impressions may be made from the form.

Printing is interesting work to those who have the ability to do, and the patience to take pains.

—MILTON KIMBALL, 9-3.

### Sheet Metal

ONE division of 9-2 boys, instructed by Mr. Dutelle, has found sheet metal an interesting occupation.

We have made several useful articles, such as a whisk broom holder, match scratcher, biscuit cutter, tin gauges, riveted seam, grooved seam, sink scraper, and doughnut cutter. We have learned to use the following tools: rules, scratch-awl, hand-shears, square, solid punch, hammer, rivet set, mallet, shears, bar folder, rolls, wiring machine, and soldering iron. I think that the bar folder is the most interesting machine in Mr. Dutelle's shop.

We also had given to us twenty-two facts and formulas to learn.

Knowledge of this kind is very practical in everyday life.

RAYMOND NADEAU, 9-2.

### Civics

THE pupils of 9-1 are enjoying Miss Shatswell's teaching of Civics. We have studied the N.R.A. problem, inflation, and have taken up the matter about the United States' recognition of the Soviet Union of Russia.

We are forming a club to discuss matters which arise in class, and items of interest that we find in newspapers or hear over the radio. A committee of three members drew up a constitution for the club, which our teacher is looking over and discussing with the members. The officers have not been chosen yet, but I am sure that we shall have a good time studying about our government and about others.

Some of the pupils of 9-1 who are interested in cartoons have started a collection, which you may see on the bulletin board in Room 20.

—JOSEPH L. WILLIS, 9-1.





### Favorite Sayings of Our Crew

Miss Whorff: "Write an article for the Briscoe Briefs."

Miss Spofford: "Doesn't someone want to join the Poetry Club?"

Miss Lapham: "Oh! That wonderful Soprano Club."

Miss Eaton: "I can't bear to see anything thrown away."

Miss Barker: "Why don't you remember? You learned that in the seventh grade."

Miss Anderson: "Copy this for next time."

Mr. Dutelle: "That's why Beverly didn't win."

Miss Kendall: "Act your age, children."

Miss Coleman: "Do you want five periods?"

Miss Mullin: "If the hat fits the head, put it on."

Miss Hatch: "Bless your hearts."

— RICHARD ROUNDY, *Grade 8.*

### BONERS

#### They Took His, Anyway

Miss Kendall: "Name the five senses."

Gordon H.: "I don't know what they are, but your census are taken every ten years."

### Oh! Oh!

Tony R.: "I would like a punch."

Miss Barker: "I'll be glad to give you one."

### Look Up Anatomy

Miss Eaton: "What is anatomy?"

John B.: "The study of heavenly bodies."

### Funny Hole

Paul R.: "There's a hole in my paper."

Miss Kendall: "Turn it over and use the other side."

Paul R.: "There's a hole in that side too."

### Well?

Miss Harrison: "Name the two kinds of descriptions."

Charles R.: "One's the kind the doctor gives you."

### And Ours Is "God Save The King"

Miss Rolfe: "What is Scotland's national anthem?"

Richard W.: "My Wild Irish Rose."

### Happy Thanksgiving

Miss Spofford: "Boys, I hope that when you come back from your Thanksgiving holidays you will show a better spirit and buckle down to work."

Parker H.: "Same to you, Miss Spofford."

### Accident

Miss Anderson: "Graham, don't you think I have ordinary intelligence?"

Graham: (absent-mindedly) "No, Miss Anderson."

**Song Hits of Briscoe**

1. "The Talk Of The Town"  
Briscoe Briefs
2. "Learn To Croon"  
The Boys' Soprano Club
3. "You've Got To Be A Football Hero"  
To get along with Mr. Cronin.
4. "We're In The Money"  
Profits of the Cake Sale
5. "Come Let Me Sing My Song To You"  
Robert Kilham
6. "I'll Be Faithful"  
Sung by pupils after scolding
7. "You've Got Everthing" Miss Whorff
8. "Annie Doesn't Live Here Any More"  
Misses Murray, Lyons, and Hazelton.
9. "The Last Round Up"  
The Traffic Squad
10. "Who's Afraid Of The Big Bad Wolf"  
"Buddy" Cronin

**If**

1. Harold were a cat instead of a Fish.
2. George were a lamb instead of a Hamm.
3. William were a teacher instead of a Trainor.
4. Inez were a circus instead of a Carne-vale.
5. Mary were a pen instead of a Quill.
6. Marjory were a brush instead of a Broome.
7. Henry were pork instead of Viel."
8. William were snow instead of Frost.
9. Eugene were an arrow instead of a Spear.
10. Phyllis were a farmer instead of a Gardner.
11. Francis were a ruby instead of a Diamond.

**What Is He Anyway?**

Francis H.: "Me and another girl had a race in English today."

**Wanted**

- |   |                            |
|---|----------------------------|
| Five periods  | Anonymous                  |
| Some fun in math.   | Paul Raymond               |
| Some good Christmas editorials                                    | Miss Whorff                |
| A new song book   | Ruth May and Robert Kilham |
| Lessons in acting for assemblies                                  | The forgotten schoolboy    |
| A dog that will go home when told                                 | Mr. Cronin                 |
| Some more gum   | Patsy Bussone              |
| Some striped suits for the march to the lunch room                | Shop classes               |
| A poem that won't fill a page                                     | Poetry Editor              |
| Some good, original jokes   | Joke Editor                |
| A guide who is a "dead shot" for deer hunting near Jackman, Maine | Mr. Dutelle                |
| Some more printing jobs   | Mr. Waite                  |

**Lizzie**

You used to hear her rattling tin,  
Come clattering down the street,  
Alas! Old Lizzie is no more,  
Her career is quite complete.

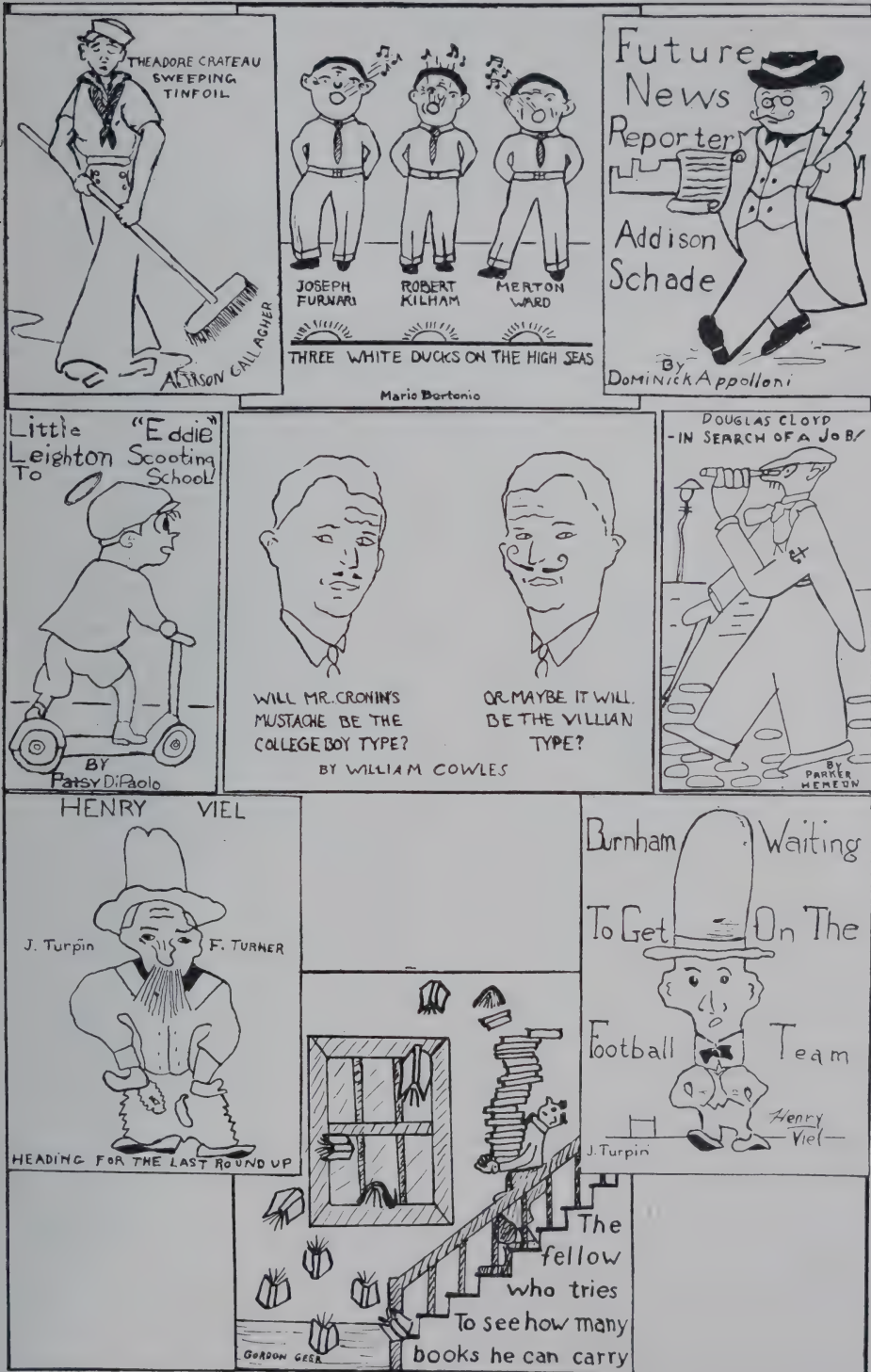
Oh! She was great, that model "T"  
In her we had such fun,  
But when she'd only hit on three  
The thing would hardly run.

So then w'd tug and push and strain,  
Beneath her on the floor,  
And when we thought she'd run again,  
We'd crank her up once more.

Far down beneath an old junk heap,  
You'll find our flivver rare,  
She tried to reach a railroad track,  
Just as the train reached there.

—DONALD HILLIER, Grade 8.





## - - FRAGMENTS - -

### Diver and the Deep

"MAN the life boats!" thundered the captain of the sinking Trafalgar. Soon everyone was crowding into these small crafts but even though the crew and passengers managed to launch the life boats, only one person ever lived through that living night-mare to tell the tale of the three million dollars in gold, locked in the captain's quarters of the sunken boat.

Ten years later a tramp steamer could be seen anchored directly above the ill-fated vessel. A diver, Frank Morgan, by name, was slowly descending into the green waters. Down! Down! Down! The diver was now on the vessel's promenade deck. Soon a torch followed, suspended by its gas hose, to be used in cutting an opening into the hull. As he finished cutting a hole six feet in diameter, an enormous, waving shadow loomed behind him. Frank almost dived head-first into the hole he had cut. He succeeded in tying a chain around the massive chest of gold blocks and then attacked the huge octopus, that barred his ascent.

It is claimed, that when in harness, fire is a friend of man, but it was certainly no friend to this eight-tentacled sea monster. Soon, one writhing tentacle drifted away in the current, then another, then still another, while the octopus squirmed, and writhed with pain as he was slowly cauterized into pieces. Weak from the battle and a crushed rib, which the sea monster had broken with one of his breath-taking grips, Frank watched the conquered foe drift away in the current, as he was pulled to safety with the treasure.

—ADDISON SCHADE, *Grade 8.*

### Football in 19033

#### NOTE

(THE Technocrats are now in power and not an atom of energy is wasted. Football teams do not try for the point after a touchdown; the quarterback never calls signals; everything is compact and a touchdown counts but three points. The world has succumbed to the principles of Technocracy).

Salem kicks off. Chansey of Beverly receives, and with a dynamite gun for inter-

ference flies fifty yards before he is downed by the Salem captain's cosmic-ray pistol. The Orange and Black open up a devastating aerial attack, but with their anti-aircraft barrage, Salem holds its own. The Red and White clad warriors now score because Beverly's shock proof suits can't withstand Salem's terrible radium bombs.

It is the last period—Salem is still leading by three points. The determined Beverlyites now throw up a smoke screen, and Chansey sprints for a touchdown, amidst steady rocket fire.

Beverly kicks off. Salem fumbles in their end zone. They try to recover but a Beverly lineman whips out his vest pocket disintegrator, blasts his opponent to eternity, and pouncing on the ball saves the day for his team. However, no one cheers because that would waste energy.

—RICHARD BUCKLEY, *Grade 8.*

### The Faculty Birdhouse

THE cold air had driven the two Robbins of whom this story speaks to hunt a home for the oncoming winter. A little girl who had just Eaton her breakfast saw them from the window.

"Dutelle me!" she exclaimed, "I will have the hired man, William's son, build a house for them."

"Waite", begged her brother, "Daddy is down at the Whorff but when he returns he will build one for us."

When their father had finished talking to Captain Cronin about a voyage he was planning to take he hurried home in his (Spof) Ford. The children pounced on him when he arrived and told him of the Fleet little Robbins who were homeless.

Just then the Coleman interrupted us complaining that Jip, the dog, would either "Barker bite him." Daddy left and was soon Pullen Jip into the house. The next day a birdhouse was made.

When it was being erected, brother remarked that the location was ideal as they could get drinking water from Shatswell. He wondered if the birds would Hatch any eggs that winter. His father's friend Harrison soon called him and they walked down Bradstreet to obtain some Mullin for their science class. —RUTH MAY, *Grade 8.*





### Football Spirit

EVER since 1902, when the "Witch City" warriors launched their first onslaught against the "Black and Orange," their annual Thanksgiving day battle has, like a tiny spark kindled a hot rivalry between Salem and Beverly. Rousing cheers and hilarity are sure to follow in the wake of every victorious conflict. Especially noticeable was this after the grueling grind of 1906, when the enthusiasm of the "Garden City" rooters led to shouting and parading through the streets of Beverly.

As each Thanksgiving day approaches, the air is filled with the comparisons, standings, and previous victories of the two teams. Not only the students but the older citizens as well are caught in the far flung spell of the football spirit. Each year the opposing teams have improved and surged forward until today the present brand of football is of the highest quality—both snappy and colorful.

Each team, whether triumphant or defeated, is supported by thousands, who in no way, allow the existence of a strong rivalry to form a barrier to a beautiful display of good sportmanship.

— ROBERT KILHAM, *Grade 8.*

### Basketball

AS our magazine goes to print, basketball plans are well under way. A great deal of enthusiasm is aroused as teams are organized in the staterooms.

The rules have been posted and the games will begin December 11.

Mr. Mackenzie will referee the games, and a great deal of stateroom spirit will be displayed.

— NORA BUFFETT, *Grade 8.*

### Physical Training

TUESDAYS, Thursdays, and Fridays are "red letter" days aboard the good ship Briscoe. On these days the passengers, under the direction of Mr. Mackenzie, assisted by Miss Gardner, enjoy their weekly physical exercise periods. Although short, these periods are well spent, and help greatly toward making our voyage a healthier and happier one.

— ROBERT KILHAM, *Grade 8.*

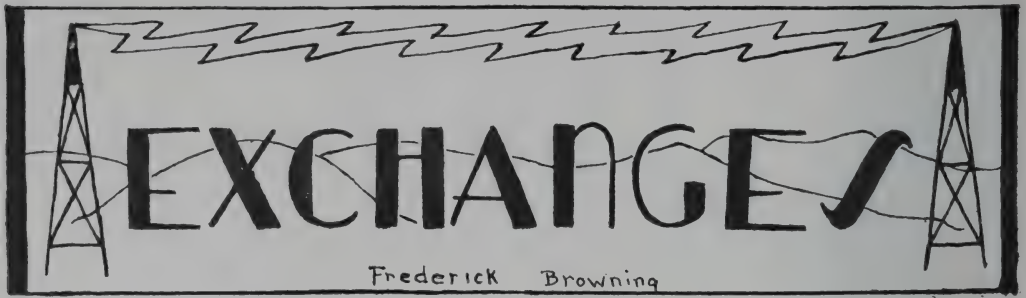
### Women in Sports

CONTRARY to conditions one hundred years ago, women of today take an active part in the field of sports. At that time, women were not allowed to engage in strenuous exercise of any kind. It was unladylike to be seen hopping around a tennis court, or gliding on the ice with a hockey stick in hand.

Finally, a new light dawned. Women began to realize that exercise could be as beneficial to woman as to man. Little by little, they dropped their primness and showed an interest in the development of a strong body. This was followed by actual participation in the less strenuous sports, such as swimming, hiking, and skating.

Science proved that this was beneficial to both mind and body, and gradually, though slowly at first, women took their places in all outdoor sports. From hiking and swimming, they gradually built up their physique until today, no sport is too strenuous for them.

— NORA BUFFETT, *Grade 8.*



### Exchanges

"SHIPS that pass in the night and speak to each other in passing."

*The Wolf:* Wolf Junior High School, Easton, Pa.

Your magazine is delightful. It is hard to say which section interested us most.

*The Parker Quill:* Walter S. Parker Junior High School, Reading, Mass.

Your original stories are entertaining.

*The Jenks Forge:* The Joseph Jenks Junior High School, Pawtucket, R. I.

Such an interesting sports department!

*The Early Trainer:* Lawrence Training School, Lawrence, Mass.

We enjoyed your clever cuts.

*Pick Events:* Pickering Junior High School, East Lynn, Mass.

Your character sketches are unusual. They add to your magazine.

*The Broadcaster:* West Junior High School, Watertown, Mass.

We enjoyed your excellent class notes.

*The Morton Outlook:* James Madison Morton Junior High School, Fall River, Mass.

Your jokes gave us many a good laugh.

*The Transmitter:* Levi F. Warren Junior High School, West Newton, Mass.

We congratulate your literary editors.

*The Pepster:* Cypress Junior High School, Magna, Utah.

We are glad to start an exchange with you and wish you good luck.

*The Salt Shaker:* Saltonstall School, Salem, Mass.

You express the topics of today in your editorials.

*The Arrow:* Junior High School of Chisholm, Minnesota.

The make-up of your magazine is excellent. The cuts are outstanding.

*The Shullton:* S. E. Shull Junior High School, Easton, Pa.

Your Mother Goose theme was not only attractive but cleverly arranged. Your unusual activities must make your school life fascinating.

*Manet:* North Junior High School, Quincy, Massachusetts.

We like the many varieties of stories found in your literary department.

*The Aegis:* Beverly High School, Beverly, Massachusetts.

We wish we could have as many ideas for exchanges as you.

*The Vista:* Eastern Junior High School, Lynn, Massachusetts.

Your Verse department is unusually fine. The cuts add a great deal to it.

*The Port Junior:* Port Washington Junior High School, Port Washington, New York.

Your School News is interesting. We suggest that you have an exchange department.

*Lawrence High School Bulletin:* Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Massachusetts.

We heartily enjoyed your amusing Gossip. Your Athletics are well written.

~~~~~  
This joke was copied from *The Port Junior*

### WARM - WARMER - HOT

Miss Amer: "Do you think paper can be used effectively to keep people warm?"

Van Name: "I should say so! The last report card I took home kept my family hot for a week."



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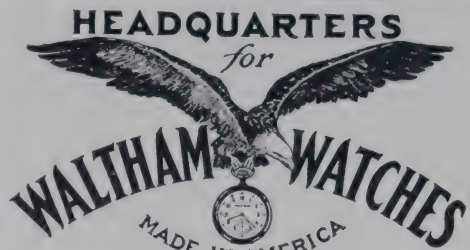
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